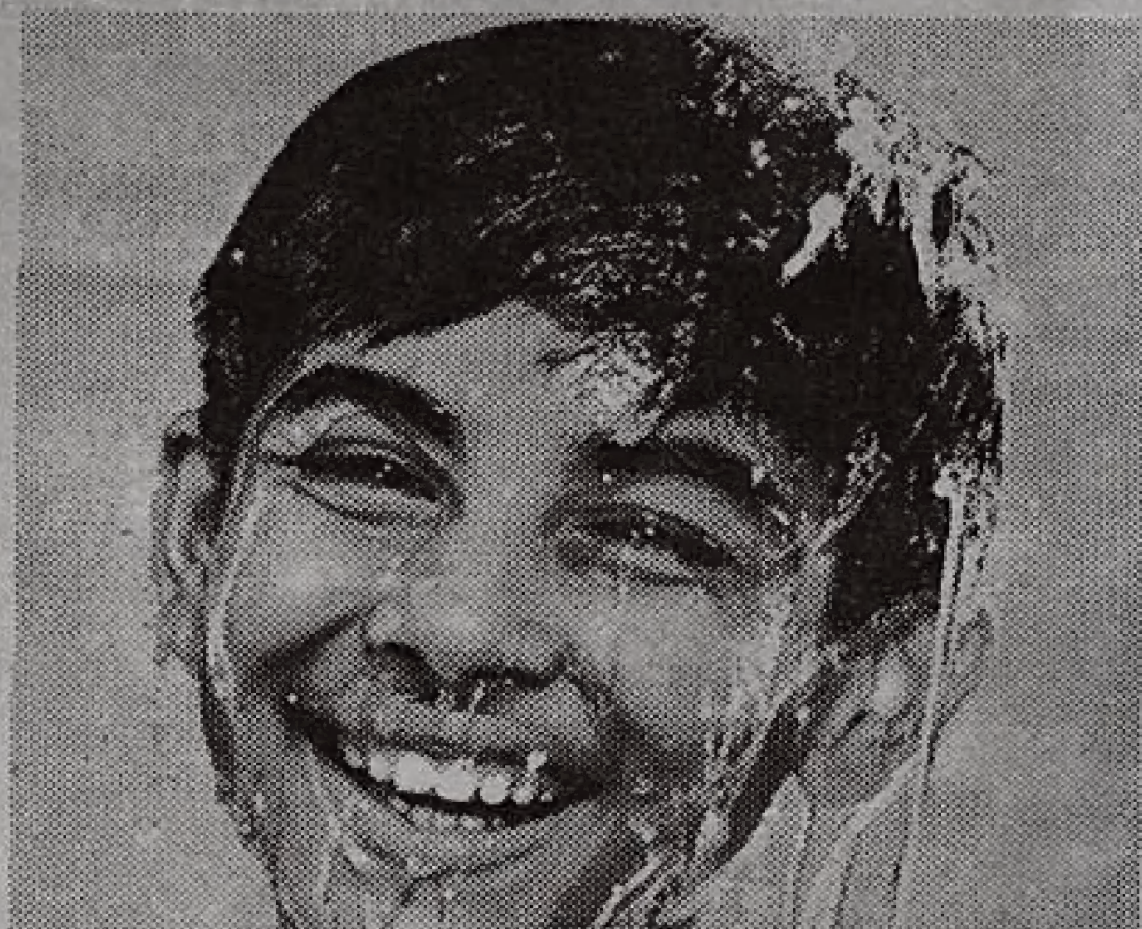


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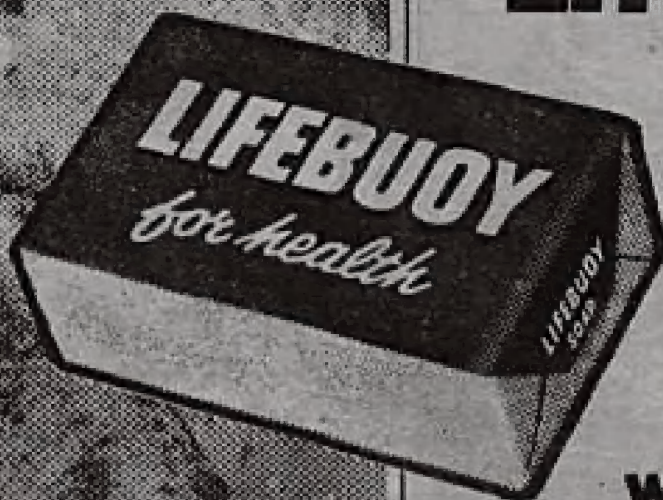
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Vol. 2 No. 1

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All's well that ends well

Many centuries ago, there lived a handsome young man in Kashmir named Manichandar. He came from a wealthy family of landowners, but both his parents had died suddenly, which made the youth very unhappy. His home and his father's estates no longer held any pleasure for him, so in the end Manichandar decided to travel in the hope that fresh environments would obliterate the past.

Manichandar decided not to burden himself with servants and a bodyguard, so he started his journey alone, with just a pack-horse to carry his personal belongings.

His journey was uneventful, until he was approaching the

city of Kasi, which he hoped to reach before nightfall. As he was serenely cantering along a bridle path through a forest, mounted robbers came galloping out of the thicket on either side, and although Manichandar attempted to escape, his horse was tired and he was soon overtaken and hauled out of the saddle.

The robbers took everything he possessed, even to the clothes he wore. All they left him were a few dirty and ragged garments, which smelt horribly, but he had to wear something.

Late that night, weary and hungry, Manichandar managed to reach the city of Kasi. Being too proud to beg, he took refuge in the stables adjoining

the king's palace, and in his sorry state, a pile of straw made a welcome bed.

At that time Kasi was ruled by King Karusimha, whose only daughter Vijaya, was a girl of exceptional beauty. For some months pass the king had demanded that his daughter should marry a prince of a nearby kingdom.

Vijaya hated the sight of this prince, but the king was adamant, and the very night Manichandar took refuge in her father's stables, she resolved to run away. Vijaya had confided in a minister's son, who promised to have horses ready and saddled for the princess to make her escape. But at the last minute, fearing the king's anger, the ministers's son conveniently forgot his promise.

In the middle of the night Vijaya groped her way into the stables. She dare not carry a light as that would quickly attract the attention of her father's guards. At first Vijaya could not see anything, then she stumbled on a figure lying in the straw. Thinking it was the minister's son, she shook him by the shoulder and whispered. "Wake up. Get the horses saddled and let us



go before we are discovered."

Manichandar bemused with sleep, thought he had been mistaken for a stable hand, so somehow he managed to saddle two horses, midst frantic whispers from the girl to hurry himself.

Mounting the horses, they went quietly through the streets until they reached the outskirts of the city, then Vijaya led the way at a headlong gallop across the fields. As dawn was breaking, they reached a lake. Vijaya dismounted and when she turned to speak to her companion, she was horrified to find that this

was not the minister's son, but a stranger dressed in filthy clothes.

She dare not go back home, because her father, the King, would never forgive this escapade and she would be bound to marry that hateful prince. So there was not alternative but to ride on with this vagabond.

Soon they came to a river which they had to cross by a ferry. When they arrived at the ferry, there appeared to be an argument between the boatman and an old woman. It seemed that the old woman had no money to pay her fare across.

Manichandar, who was always kindly disposed towards elderly people, interrupted the argument. "Do not worry mother, I will pay your fare."

But when he put his hand in his pocket, he suddenly remembered he had no money. Vijaya saved his embarrassment by pressing a gold coin into his hand.

The old woman was now all smiles. "You two are very kind," she said. "Please take me as your servant. I will cook and keep house for you."

She was such a sweet old

lady that they both agreed, though they had little money to pay a servant, and certainly no house to live in. They discovered the old woman's name was Bhavani and she was making her way to the city of Hela, where she hoped someone would be in need of a good servant.

That afternoon the three travellers reached the city of Hela, and were lucky enough to find a small house, which although very humble in size, had at least been well cared for.

Whilst Bhavani bustled around to prepare some food, Vijaya sank into a chair and with a rueful smile said. "What is to become of me?" Manichandar longed to comfort her as he listened to her unhappy tale. Then he told Vijaya of his own misfortunes, and promised to take good care of her until they had sufficient money, for her to join distant relatives who lived in Persia.

Manichandar, who had a good knowledge of precious stones, decided to set himself up as an expert valuer in the market place. Using some of Vijaya's remaining gold pieces, he purchased suitable clothes,

and although at first customers were hard to come by, his unerring ability in judging the value of gems soon spread, and the king's jeweller, hearing so many good tales of this young man, induced Manichandar to become his assistant.

Hurrying home with the good news to Vijaya, Manichandar painted his prospects in glowing terms, and assured Vijaya that they would soon have ample money to buy her lovely clothes, and be able to continue her journey to her kinsfolk. But it all seemed to leave Vijaya quite unmoved, and she even looked dismayed at the prospect.

Poor Manichandar felt quite confused over Vijaya's lack of enthusiasm, but he was still determined to prove that he would one day be rich.

Then soon afterwards, the jeweller received a summons from the King to visit the palace immediately, to value a priceless diamond. The jeweller decided to take Manichandar with him, as the young man appeared to have an uncanny knowledge of gems and their value.

Arriving at the palace, they were promptly announced into the presence of the king, who



was surrounded by his ministers, and all seemed mildly excited over something.

Catching sight of the jeweller, the king beckoned to him. "Come here, come here," cried the King. "This diamond merchant has brought me this colossal diamond, for which he is demanding a king's ransom. Tell me, how much is it worth?"

When the jeweller saw the diamond, he was amazed at its size, and had to admit to himself that he had little idea as to how to price its value. So he passed it to Manichandar, who examined the diamond carefully, studying its facets against the light. Then he suddenly

burst out laughing.

"Your Majesty," he exclaimed, holding up the stone. "This precious stone is worth exactly nothing."

Everyone looked amazed, and the diamond merchant was nigh bursting with anger. "What humbug is this," he protested. "How can this young man dare say my diamond is of no value?"

"It is easily proved," said Manichandar calmly, and he threw the stone on the marble floor, where it shattered into a hundred pieces.

"It is nothing more than a piece of glass," roared the King, and fixing the diamond merchant with a baleful eye, "For

trying to hoodwink me, you varlet, you shall be flogged and imprisoned."

As a reward for his services, the king appointed Manichandar keeper of the royal treasury.

When Manichandar returned home and told Vijaya the good news, she clapped her hands with delight. "Now my wonderful protector, we can live in a big house and have lots more servants."

"But," stammered Manichandar, then words failed him, because then, and only then, did he realise that he was deeply in love with Vijaya. So they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.



THE LEGEND OF YOLKA

Once upon a time, there was an old couple, who lived not far from the sea and had twelve sons and three daughters. One day, the youngest of the girls, who was named Yolka, went down to the beach for a swim.

Suddenly a huge sea-serpent wrapped itself round her. Yolka shouted as loud as she could, but the beach was deserted and nobody heard her.

"Promise to marry me and I will let you go," the serpent said to her.

The young girl was so frightened that she promised at once and the serpent let her go.

Returning home, she told her father and mother, who were terrified when, three days later, several serpents of huge size came to their cottage. They had come to collect the bride.

Very quickly the old folks hid Yolka and in her place they gave the serpents a white goose.



"This is our daughter," they said.

The serpents believed this and went off, but as they passed a forest they heard a cuckoo's voice, saying:

"A goose was given by those two; A cuckoo they have made of you." The serpents went back and Yolka's parents tried another trick, this time handing over a white sheep and saying, "This is our daughter."

Once again the serpents believed this and went, but from the forest came the cuckoo's voice:

"A sheep was given by those two. A cuckoo they have made of you."

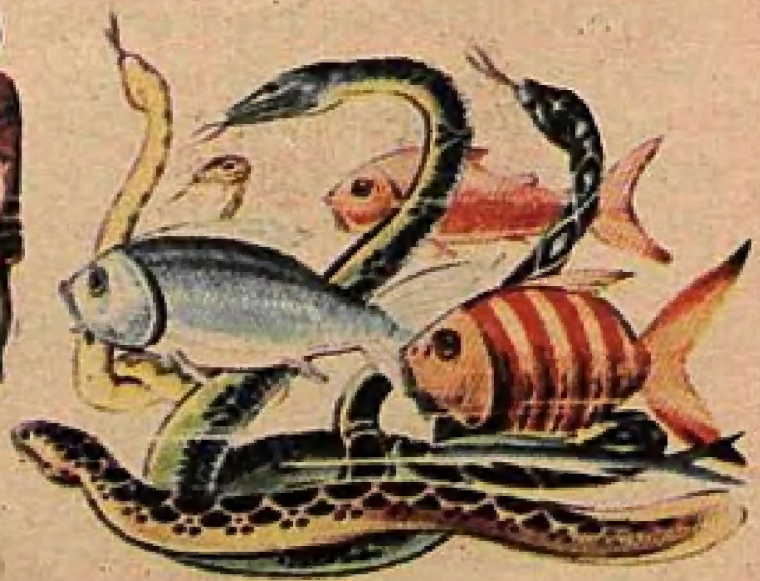
Back went the serpents and they were then given a white calf by the parents. "This is really our daughter," they said.

The serpents took the calf, but in the woods, they heard yet again the mocking voice of the cuckoo.

"A calf was given by those two. A cuckoo they have made of you."

This time the serpents went back and hissed so angrily that the parents just had to hand over poor Yolka.

She was very frightened, but when she got close to the sea, the waves opened and there



appeared a handsome young man, who took the young girl by the hand and led her to his castle at the bottom of the sea. The walls were of yellow amber, encrusted with jewels and, in a magnificent room, the wedding of Yolka and the King of the serpents took place.

Quite quickly the young girl got used to her new life. Her husband loved her dearly and in time they had four children, three boys called Oak, Ash and Elm and one little girl called Willow.

Many years passed and one day the children asked Yolka who were their grandparents and where they lived.

"They are on land," she told them.

"We would like to go and see them," said the children. "May we?"

Yolka asked her husband and the King of the serpents replied, "Yes, but first thread me a needle with this silk."

Yolka tried to put the silk thread through the needle, but the thread went on and on and on and never came to an end. She guessed that it was a magic thread and went to see a wise old woman, who lived in a cave.

"First of all throw the thread of silk into the fire," she told Yolka.

This Yolka did and was able to thread the silk into the needle properly, but when she asked her husband if she could go and see her parents, he set her another task.

"Before you go, you must first wear out these shoes," he told her.

Poor Yolka soon discovered that the shoes were made of iron and would never wear out, so she went again to the old woman for advice.



"Go to the blacksmith," she was told, "and ask him to make the shoes white-hot in his fire, then in three days they will be worn out."

Yolka obeyed and when the shoes were worn out, she asked her husband again about going to see her parents.

"Of course," the King of the serpents replied, "but first of all make a fine rabbit stew for them."

Yolka agreed willingly, but looked everywhere in vain for pots and pans. Her husband had hidden them away. Back to the old woman she went for help.

"Take a sieve," she was told, "and cover the bottom with a paste made of flour and water. Then cook your rabbit stew in it."

This time, when Yolka completed her third task, her husband could not refuse to let her go. He told her, "Do not stay on land for more than ten days. After that time, come with your children to the shore and say these words: 'If you live, white spray—if you are dead, red spray.' If I am alive, the sea will be covered in white spray and we shall meet again. If I am dead, the sea will be

covered in red spray and we will never meet again. Above all, do not reveal to anybody where you have come from and who I am."

Yolka promised and went back to her home with her children. Her parents, brothers and sisters greeted them lovingly—but the brothers were not happy that Yolka was the wife of a sea serpent and wanted to kill him. They asked her about him, but she would not talk.

Then the brothers got hold of the eldest boy and took him into the woods to make him tell them. The boy, who was called Oak, was very brave and said not a word.

When he came back, however, his mother noticed that his eyes were red and asked if he had been crying.

"No, mother," replied Oak. "Your brothers made a fire in the woods and the smoke made my eyes weep."

Next day, the uncles took the second boy, named Ash, but he would not talk, either. They beat him, but he did not give away the secret.

The same thing happened to the third boy, named Elm, but he in turn said nothing, so the

uncles then took the little girl, Willow into the woods. Very frightened, she told them all about her father and about the words which were to be spoken from the seashore.

Quickly, the brothers went to the beach and called out, "If you live, white spray—if you are dead, red spray."

The King of the serpents rose from the waves and the brothers jumped on him and killed him.

That same evening, Yolka was filled with a strange fear and, with the children, went down to the shore.

"If you live, white spray—if you are dead, red spray," she called out.

The sea became covered with red spray and from the depths came a sad voice, "Little Willow told your brothers, when they had failed with all the others."

Yolka cried for a long time, then turned to her children and said:

"You, Oak, and you, Ash, and you, Elm, will be changed into big, strong trees—but you, however, Willow, will change into a weaker tree, with leaves that tremble in the slightest puff of wind."

As this happened, Yolka her-

self changed into a fir tree—and when you are in the countryside and see these trees, you may be reminded of the sad legend of Yolka.







THE LIZARD HUNTERS

Here is an animal you do not see in India. It is the ring-tailed Coatis and lives in the lush forests of South America. The Coatis is a great tree climber and eats fruits, birds' eggs, but its main diet is lizards.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the September issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.
- ★ Entries must be received before

31st July, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to :

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in May Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. Navroze D. Dhondy,
6, Kamala Nehru Road,
Allahabad I, U. P.

Winning entry—'Lost in Reflections'—'Reflections of the Lost'

THE LION AND THE FOX



Brer fox lay browsing in the sun, thinking of all the good things he would like to eat, when he was suddenly transfixed with fear, to find a mighty lion standing over him.

Trembling all over, the fox managed to stammer, "O, King of the Forest, spare my poor life, then as long as I live, I will be your humble servant."

The lion in any case, did not consider a fox to be much of a meal, so he decided to spare its life, providing it proved to be a good servant.

From that day the fox spent its time sitting outside the lion's cave, and when any worthwhile animal came close by, the fox would give a series of short barks, at which the lion would spring out of the cave and pounce on the unsuspecting animal.

This arrangement worked extremely well. Animals would

come quite close to the cave, indifferent to the presence of the fox, never thinking that a menacing lion lurked inside the cave. The fox did well feasting on whatever the lion left of its kills.

As brer fox waxed fatter, it began to have disturbing thoughts. 'Why should I keep watch all the time, whilst the lion sleeps. We should certainly take it in turn.'

So that night, the fox timidly suggested to the lion. "Oh King, let me hunt occasionally, whilst you keep watch outside the cave."

The lion thought this fox is getting big ideas and it was time to teach the rascal a lesson. So the lion agreed to keep watch outside the cave, and to alert the fox when suitable prey was in the offing, by giving little growls.

Our fox was mighty pleased at this arrangement, but the

sight of the lion sitting outside the cave, frightened most animals away. But the lion was patient. Then one day a rogue elephant, fighting mad, came blundering up to the cave.

The lion growled and the fox hearing the warning, came rushing out of the cave. The

enraged elephant, trumpeting loudly, trampled the fox into the earth with its huge feet.

Meanwhile the lion had slunk quietly back into the cave, to idly dream that one day it would find a servant who did not get such big ideas.

BRAIN TWISTERS FOR YOU

Here are six brain-twisting questions which may give you a headache. But if you come up with the correct answers, you are most certainly well above average.

1. A father is three times as old as his son. In ten years he will be twice as old. How old is the father now?
2. A group of soldiers was walking along single file. There were four soldiers in front of a soldier, four soldiers behind a soldier and a soldier in the middle. How many soldiers were there?
3. If three workers can build four boats in two days, at the same rate of speed, how long will it take one man to build two boats?
4. A man bought a turkey for Sunday dinner. The turkey weighed ten pounds and half of its own weight. How much did it weigh?
5. A car which has travelled 24,000 miles has worn out six tyres, each of which has travelled an equal distance. How far has each tyre travelled?
6. My son's father is your father's only child. What relative of yours am I?

ANSWERS

- (1) 30 years old (2) 5 soldiers (3) It takes one man alone three days to build two boats (4) 20 pounds (5) 16,000 miles (6) Wife



A BRAVE GIRL

This is the story of Deepa, a courageous girl who lived in northern India many, many years ago.

One day Deepa's parents had to go to a nearby town to see a sick relation, and as it was a fairly long journey, there was little hope of them returning till late at night. So Deepa was left in the house by herself. She did not mind that, for she was seventeen years of age, and quite capable of looking after herself.

Late in the evening Deepa decided to take a bath and go to bed. When she went into the bathroom, she was sure that there was a man crouched behind the big iron water cauldron. Without hesitation, Deepa ran out of the room, slammed and bolted the door.

Deepa waited tensely for something to happen. Then there was a knock at the front

door, and a muffled voice said. "Come child, open the door."

Deepa knew this was not her father's voice, so she called out. "Father, the bolt has jammed, so you will have to climb through the side window."

With that Deepa picked up her father's axe and stood flat against the wall, beside the side window. Soon a head appeared, then an unknown man started to climb through the window.

Raising the axe high, Deepa brought the axe down with all her strength and lopped off the man's head. She then dragged the man's body into the room, and with the axe cut it up and stuffed the grisly pieces into two gunny sacks. Afterwards she blew out all the lights, and sat patiently waiting for her parents to return or something else to happen.

Later, there was a gentle rap on the front door. Deepa asked



in a hoarse whisper, "Who's there?"

"It's us," came the reply. "Have you got the booty?" So here now were the burgler's accomplices. But Deepa was not greatly perturbed. Trying hard to imitate a man's voice she said. "All is ready. Come to the side window and I will pass out the sacks."

Careful not to be seen, Deepa pushed the two sacks through the window.

"Come along, and let us get away," urged a voice from outside the window.

"I have some more booty to collect, and will join you later",

Deepa said in a throaty whisper.

The robbers made off, and soon afterwards, Deepa's parents returned, and were amazed to hear the story of their daughter's adventurous night. But wisely decided not to say anything outside the house, in case the robbers took vengeance on their daughter.

Meanwhile the robbers returned to their den in the forest. When they emptied the sacks they were horrified to be faced with the remains of one of their friends.

The leader of the robber band swore a terrible oath, "It must be the daughter of the house who is responsible. For this she shall die a terrible death."

Next day the robbers dressed themselves in fine clothes, and took with them a village idiot, named Bhaskar, whom they dressed even more gorgeously than themselves. Mounted on fine horses, they rode to Deepa's home, where the leader of the band greeted her father as if he were an old friend.

"Sir," he said with a slight bow. "I am looking for a suitable bride for my nephew here. I understand you have a daughter, and though it is not usual, I am willing to give

a dowry of gold and jewellery."

The father was rather taken back at the proposal, but his wife argued. "We do want a husband for our daughter, and these people are obviously very rich, so our Deepa would have a good home."

But Deepa, who had been carefully watching the visitors, whispered to her father. "I am sure these are the robbers who came here last night."

"You are imagining things, my child," he replied. "Look, the bridegroom is quite handsome."

Although Deepa still had misgivings, the wedding was performed that day, and soon afterwards the bridal party rode off to Deepa's new home.

At the sight of the robber's den in the forest, Deepa realised her plight.

"Let us cut her throat now," said one of the robbers, reaching for his knife.

"No, no," shouted Bhaskar in alarm. "Leave my bride alone. You cannot harm her to-day."

"Stop your whimpering," the leader shouted. "We shall let her live till tomorrow, for I must plan a painful death. Take her up into the loft, and



guard her with your life, you fool."

The loft was reached by a rickety ladder, and it turned out to be a small, dirty room with one small window.

Deepa sat down on some straw and sadly despaired for her life. Later, after a good deal of shouting and drunken singing, the robbers went to sleep, and all was quiet.

Deepa whispered to Bhaskar. "It is terribly hot in here. Let us go outside and enjoy the cool night air."

Bhaskar was alarmed at such a thought. "If we venture down that ladder, they will kill both of us."

"I have a better idea," Deepa murmured. "There is a rope over there. Tie it round my waist and lower me out of the window. Then when I have had some fresh air, you can pull me back."

"But you might escape," Bhaskar said, with a knowing nod.

"How can I escape if you have me tied with a rope," she replied.

Bhaskar thought he could see the sense in this, so he tied the rope securely round Deepa's waist, and quietly lowered her from the window.

As soon as her feet touched the ground, Deepa undid the rope, and tied it round the body of a goat grazing nearby, and then quickly made off into the forest.

The goat was not at all happy at having a rope tied round its body and decided to wander somewhere else. Once the goat started pulling on the rope, Bhaskar became alarmed and thought Deepa was trying to escape. So Bhaskar started hauling in the rope as fast as he could.

When the goat was hauled into the air, it became terrified, and bleated long and loud.

"Stop bleating like a goat Deepa," cried Bhaskar, "you will wake the robbers and that will be the end of us."

When Bhaskar discovered it was a goat at the end of the rope, he was horrified that some wicked magician had turned his lovely bride into a goat.

All this noise roused the robbers, and when they clambered up to the loft, they found Bhaskar hugging the goat, and sobbing like a child.

The robbers realised that Deepa had tricked Bhaskar and had escaped. So they rushed for their horses and went off in pursuit.

Deepa staggered on through the forest, praying silently that she was headed in the right direction. As soon as she heard the horses in the distance, Deepa left the footpath and hid herself in a thick clump of bushes.

The robbers drew rein close to where Deepa was hiding. "She cannot have gone far," said one, "let us spread out and we shall soon catch the vixen."

As soon as the robbers departed, Deepa crept out of her hiding place, and not trusting to the footpath, made



her way through the forest, hoping to avoid the robbers.

Eventually Deepa came to a dirt road, and luckily for her a cart laden with hay was lumbering along the road. Running up to the cart, Deepa begged the driver. "Please, hide me in your cart. Armed robbers are chasing me and they mean to kill me."

The driver, a kindly peasant, hid Deepa underneath the straw, and promised to protect her from any and every robber.

The cart had not gone very far when several of the robbers burst out of the forest and shouted to the driver to stop.

"Have you seen a girl on the road?" asked the leader, but before the driver could reply, he ordered his men to search the cart.

Drawing their swords, the robbers thrust them into the straw. One sword narrowly missed Deepa's face, but another thrust gave her a glancing wound in the leg, but she managed not to cry out with the pain.

When the robbers departed, Deepa tore her clothing to make a rough bandage for her wound, which was bleeding quite freely. After what

seemed agonising hours to the poor girl, the cart reached her home.

Her parents were horrified when she told them that the robbers planned to kill her, and that the marriage was only a ruse to get her into their clutches. The father was all for sending his daughter to a relative who lived in a distant town.

"No father," said Deepa in a determined voice. "The robbers are bound to come here in search of me. So you must get the king's men to lie in wait and catch them, otherwise these fiends will go on murdering people."

The father realised his daughter was right, so he hurried to the magistrate who agreed to send officers to waylay the robbers.

Later that day the robbers, again dressed in fine clothes,

rode up to the house. The father greeted them quite calmly. "What brings you here."? I hope my daughter is well."

"Your daughter is well and happy," replied one of the robbers as they dismounted, intending to search the house, and, if necessary, do away with all this meddling family.

But before they could reach the house, the king's officers with drawn swords, came from their places of hiding and forced the robbers to surrender.

The following day Deepa took the king's officers into the forest and led them to the robber's den. Here the officers found a vast treasure, the proceeds of many robberies.

For Deepa's great courage, the king granted her a handsome reward, and not long after that, Deepa made a very happy marriage.





A WISE RULER

Raschid the Great, Sultan of the Turkish Empire, was a wise and benevolent ruler. For many decades war had not disturbed the peace of the land, and his subjects were contented and happy.

Whenever he could cast the cares of state aside, the Sultan loved to spend his time in the palace gardens and orchards. His especial pride was his mango orchard, where he had over one hundred species of this delicious fruit, and he took great pains to see that his gardeners tended to the trees.

Now it so happened that on one very hot summer day, a wandering beggar passed that way. He was quite old, and it had been a trying day, with no one willing to give him even the smallest coin in order to appease his hunger.

His faltering footsteps took him along the road bordering the palace orchards, and when he saw the heavily laden mango trees, his thirst and hunger became unbearable. At several spots branches with their luscious fruit hung over the wall, and they looked so

inviting.

The beggar found a good size stone, and threw it well into the branches. Several fruits came tumbling down, and the beggar pounced on them with joy. But, unluckily for him, the stone he threw struck the Sultan well and truly on his bald pate.

By Allah, someone is trying to assassinate me, thought the Sultan as he rubbed the tender swelling. Shouting to his guards, the Sultan ordered them to catch the miscreant who was trying to murder him.

In no time, all the Sultan's bodyguard poured out of the palace gates to hunt down the would be assassin. There, sitting against the garden wall, they found the old beggar busily eating the mangoes that had come his way.

Hoisting him to his feet, two burly guardsmen pinioned the old beggar, and hurried him with the sharp end of their spears, to the palace orchard, where he found himself confronted by a very aggrieved Sultan.

"Did you throw this stone?" demanded the Sultan, pointing to the stone at his feet.

Fearing that his life would

soon be coming to an end, the beggar threw himself down on his knees. "I am guilty," he sobbed. "I was so hungry, I threw the stone into the mango tree, and ate the two fruits that fell. But believe me, I had no intention of harming anyone."

The Sultan looked searchingly at the beggar, then the anger turned to a smile. Beckoning to one of his ministers, the Sultan said. "As long as this man lives, he will receive one piece of gold each month from my treasury."

Everyone was astonished at the Sultan's action, and when the grateful beggar had departed, they asked the Sultan as to why he did not punish the beggar.

"Let me ask you a question," said the Sultan. "Who is the greatest a mango tree, or myself?"

"You are the greatest in the world," was the quick rejoinder.

"Then," said the Sultan. "If a mango tree gives a hungry beggar two of its fruits, I who was hit with the same stone, should also give the beggar something to relieve his distress."

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



I arrived at the port of Blefuscu, where I was accorded a rousing reception by His Majesty and the populace.



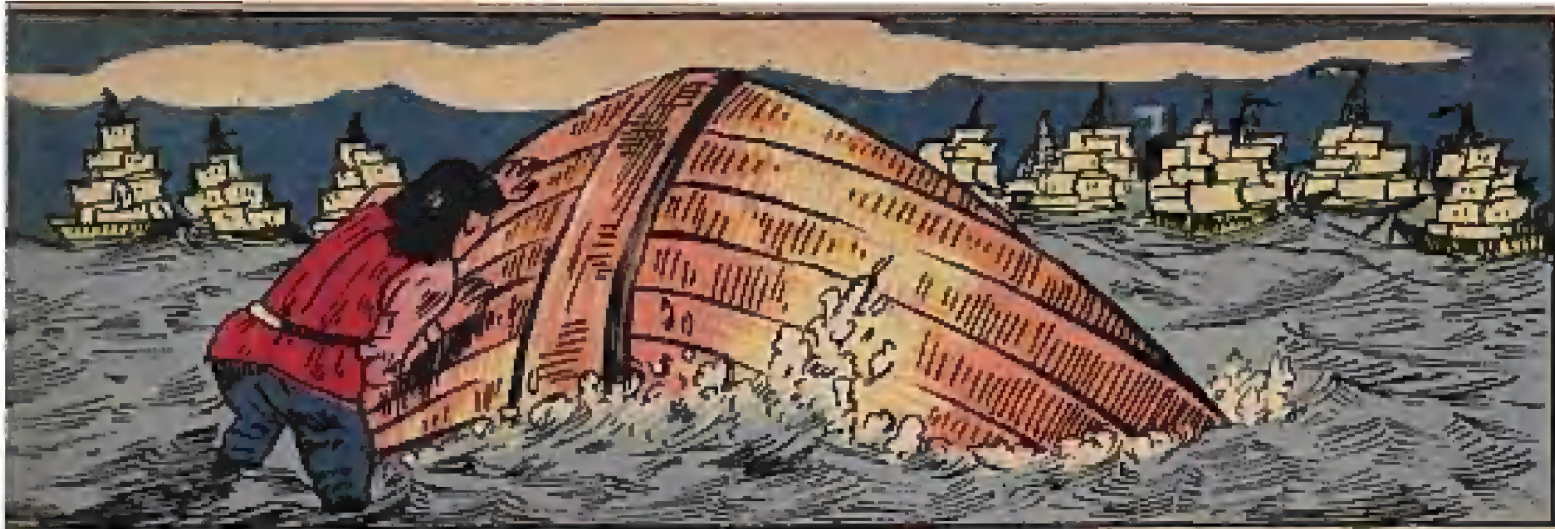
My camp was on the outskirts of the town but with so many people always around I found it difficult to lie down.



Two days later, I saw an upturned boat for out at sea.



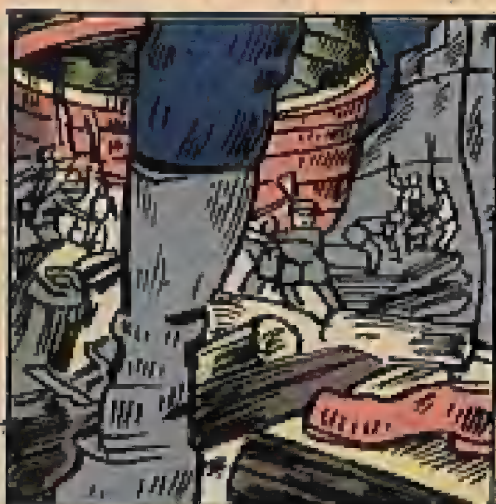
With His Majesty's permission I took twenty tall ships to help me salvage the boat.



When I reached the boat, I was delighted to find that it was in good condition. Then with the Blefuscu ships towing and thanks to a favourable breeze, we managed to beach the boat without much trouble.



It was hard work, but I managed to turn the boat over.



All His Majesty's carpenters helped me to make a mast and oars.



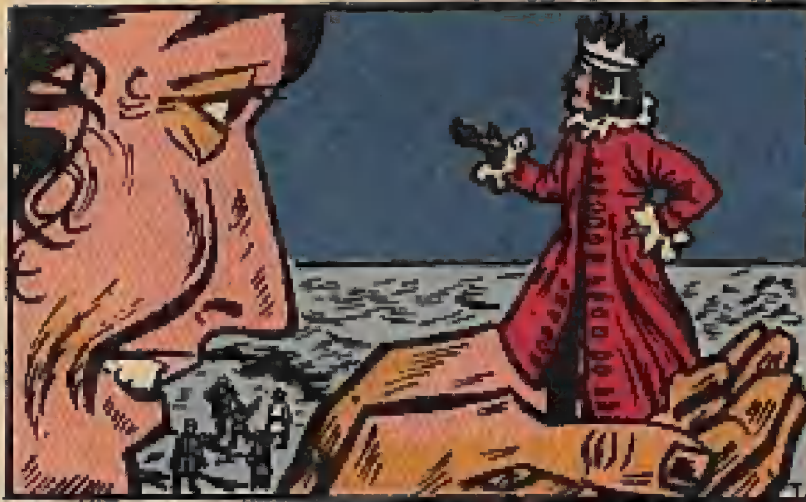
And five hundred workmen were employed to sew two sails for my boat.



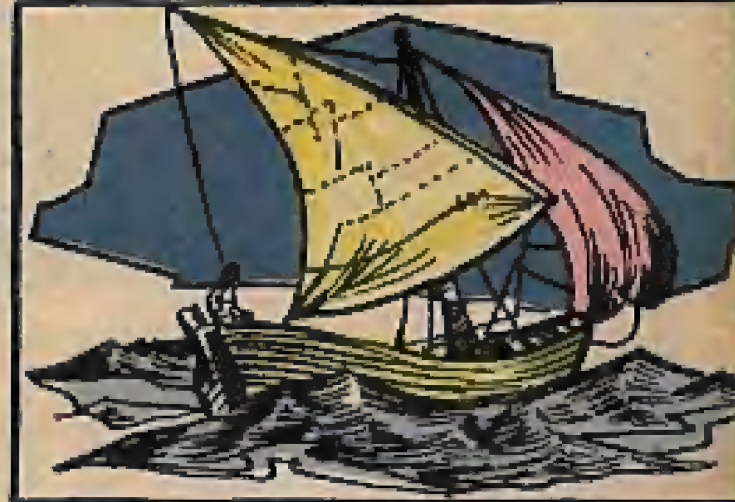
When all was ready, His Majesty granted me permission to sail to my home land. So I stocked the boat with ample food and water, and decided to take six bulls and cows, and as many sheep in the hope of breeding these miniature animals when I arrived home.



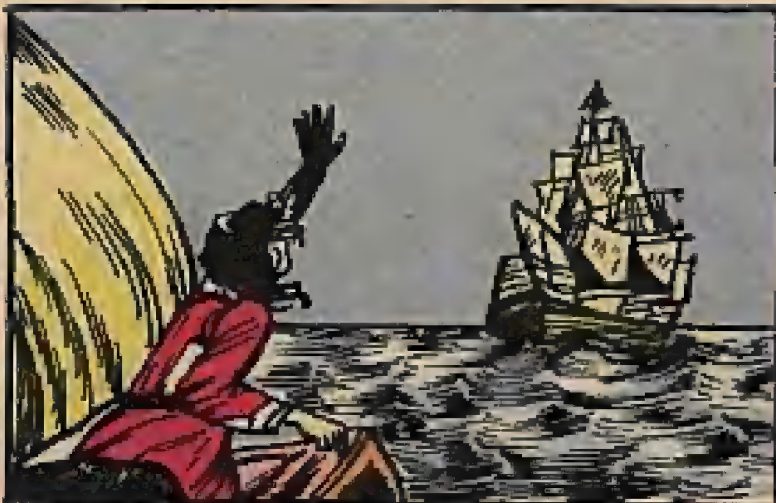
No sooner had all my arrangements been completed, when an envoy arrived from the King of Lilliput, demanding that I should be put in chains and returned to Lilliput to stand trial as a traitor. Fortunately for me the King of Blefuscu refused to listen to such an outrageous demand, and sent the envoy packing.



I thanked His Majesty for all his kindness, and it was with considerable regrets that I bid farewell to the people of Blefuscu.



I set sail early in the morning of the twenty-fourth of September 1701, and with a favourable wind I made good progress.



After two days at sea, I sighted a big merchant ship, so I altered course and very soon I was within hailing distance.



I was delighted when I saw her English flag, and even more excited when I discovered that one of the ship's officers



Then I met the captain, who thought I must be mad when I told him of my adventures in Lilliput and Blefuscu. But when I showed him my miniature cows and sheep he was certainly amazed and begged me to write a complete account of all that had happened.



On thirteenth of April 1702 we sailed up the English channel. My only misfortune was that the rats on board had



I was glad to be back home, but having a great love for the sea, I again signed on as a ship's surgeon, and I will tell

NATURE

SPINY-TAILED AGAMID

SPINY-TAILED Agamids belong to the *Agamidae* family and to the genus *Uromastix*.

They are rather strange-looking animals with tails unlike those of any other members of the Agamid family. For one thing, they measure less than the total length of the body and for another thing, they are armoured with scales, hard and pointed, which are arranged in rings.

These creatures are found in North Africa and Central and West Asia and live in burrows which they dig for themselves. If a relatively small animal tries to attack a Spiny-tailed Agamid, it sticks its head into its burrow and lashes out with its heavy, armoured tail.

Spiny-tailed Agamids are completely vegetarian.

NATURE

TUATARA

THE Tuatara is a curious animal, which nowadays is found exclusively on the offshore islands of New Zealand. It looks rather like a lizard but, in fact, belongs to a family of its own. It is often referred to as a "living fossil", since it was in existence at the same time as the dinosaurs.

The Tuatara has teeth along the edges of the jaws and also two large teeth in the front of the upper jaw.

In the wild, it lives in a burrow and often shares this with a Shearwater, apparently quite amicably.

Its food consists of beetles and other insects, earthworms and snails and the large wingless grasshoppers, known in New Zealand as "wetas".

The Tuatara lays its eggs in either September or October and they are often not hatched until the following September.

NATURE

TOKAY GECKO

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows the Tokay Gecko (*Gekko gekko*).

It is larger than most geckos, quite often measuring as much as 14 in. in length. It has a call as loud as the bark of a dog and its common name, "Tokay", comes from the sound it makes. It also has quite a considerable bite which can be very painful.

In Malaya, the Tokay Gecko is considered to be a symbol of good luck. When a new house is built, it is a good sign if the call of a Tokay is heard in it within a short space of time. It is also a sign of a happy life if a Tokay is heard shortly after the birth of a child.

Like other geckos, the Tokay has the ability to walk on quite smooth ceilings without any difficulty.

NATURE

FRILLED LIZARD

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows the Frilled Lizard (*Chlamydosaurus kingi*).

It belongs to the *Agamidae* family and is found in Australia.

Its main peculiarity is a frill, made of a scaly membrane which extends from the throat and sides of the neck for a distance of up to 2½ in. As a rule, this frill lies folded up against the body but, when necessary, muscles on the tongue can be contracted and the frill can be made to stand up, so that it is perpendicular with the body.

When the Frilled Lizard runs, it raises its front legs in the air and runs along very rapidly on its hind legs.

NATURE
TOKAY GECKO



NATURE
SPINY-TAILED AGAMID



NATURE
FRILLED LIZARD



NATURE
TUATARA



GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 1



GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 2



GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 3



GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 4



GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 2

FARMLAND in West Germany covers an area of about 13,870,600 hectares. (A hectare equals 2,471 acres.) Of this, forests cover 7,183,900 hectares and arable land covers 7,577,900 hectares. The principal crops are bread grains, feeding grains, potatoes and sugar beet. Forestry is also very important.

Mining is an important industry and the main areas for this are North Rhine Westphalia (coal and iron) and Lower Saxony (iron ore and oil).

Steel is produced mainly in the Ruhr basin and part of this industry is shown in the picture on the other side of this index card.

GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 4

THERE are about 477 daily news papers published in West Germany and the total circulations amount to more than 23 millions.

The unit of currency is the Deutsche Mark and there are 9.60 to the British pound and 4.00 to the American dollar.

The national anthem of West Germany is *Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit*. The flag has horizontal bars of black, red and gold.

Justice is in the hands of the various courts. There are local courts, regional courts and courts of appeal although, of course, there are also specialised courts like the admiralty courts where accidents at sea are considered.

GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 1

WEST GERMANY, or the Federal Republic of Germany, became a sovereign independent country in May, 1955.

It occupies an area of about 95,967 square miles and its population, excluding that of West Berlin, was 58,322,000 at the end of 1968.

The country is governed by the Federal Diet which consists of 496 members and there are also 22 members for Berlin.

Throughout most of West Germany, education is compulsory between the ages of six and 14 or 15. There are primary schools, intermediate schools, secondary schools, unified schools (providing both primary and secondary education) and special schools.

GEOGRAPHY—

West Germany 3

THE capital city of West Germany is Bonn. This stands on the left bank of the River Rhine and, at the end of 1968, its population was estimated as being 137,986.

Industries in Bonn include paper, machinery and furniture. It is quite an active port and is famous as being the birthplace of Beethoven. The place where he was born in 1770 is now a museum.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows the cathedral at Bonn and also the Beethoven monument. The cathedral dates from the 11th century and is an early Christian shrine. On the site, two Roman soldiers were put to death for their Christian faith in A.D. 253.



MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

Yudhishtira, the eldest son of Pandu, and ruler of Indraprastha, performed the Imperial Sacrifice and assumed the title of Emperor. This great ceremony, attended by all the ruling monarchs, was marred by death, when Sisupala, King of Chedi, scorned any honour being bestowed on Sri Krishna. This led to the fatal fight between Sisupala and Krishna, and Sisupala was slain.

Duryodhana returned to Hastinapura from the Imperial Sacrifice demented with envy at the thought of Yudhishtira being recognized as emperor, and it sickened his warped mind to think of the prosperity of his cousins, and the eagerness of so

many kings to become the allies of these accursed Pandavas.

He was so obsessed in his thoughts, that at first he did not hear his evil uncle Sakuni, when he spoke to him. Sakuni again asked Duryodhana. "Why do you look so angry? What is troubling you?"

Duryodhana burst out in an angry torrent of words. "Yudhishtira and his brothers are treated as though they were gods. Before the very eyes of all the kings at the sacrifice, Sisupala was brutally slain. But not one had the courage to avenge him. Bah! they were content to barter their honour for Yudhishtira's goodwill. I cannot go on living whilst the Pandavas surround themselves with wealth and glory."



Sakuni and Duryodhana try to convince Dhritarashtra.

"You should not give way to petty jealousy," retorted his uncle. "The Pandavas are your cousins, and you should be proud of their prosperity. Are you not equally as great? Your brothers and relatives stand by your side. Then you have Bhishma, the compeller of victory; Drona the mighty archer and his son Aswathama. And do not forget the mighty Karna and Kripa. You could conquer the whole world, so why give way to grief?"

"If that is true," said Duryodhana, jumping to his feet, "Why do we wait. Let us march

on Indraprastha, and drive the Pandavas out."

But Sakuni said. "No. That will not be easy, because the Pandavas have powerful allies. But I know of a way to defeat them without shedding a drop of blood."

This seemed to Duryodhana too good to be true, and he asked incredulously. "Tell me quickly, what is this plan?"

Sakuni gave an evil chuckle. "You know nephew, it is a point of honour among princes never to refuse a challenge to a game of dice. And you also know, that Yudhishtira is passionately fond of the game. So he will certainly accept an invitation to a game. Then all we have to do is to see that he loses."

"How can we be sure of that?"

"Yudhishtira is a poor player," said Sakuni, with a smile. "Whereas I know more about crooked dice than any man living. Now let us go and induce your father to send an invitation to Yudhishtira."

The blind king, Dhritarashtra, listened to what the two conspirators had to say, but he shook his head in sorrow. "Even if you win, this game of dice will lead to enmity. And

once passions are aroused, blood will flow throughout the land."

But Duryodhana refused to listen to his father. "Why dwell on bloodshed. A game of dice is an ancient pastime which all princes enjoy. And if we are able to win, where is the harm?"

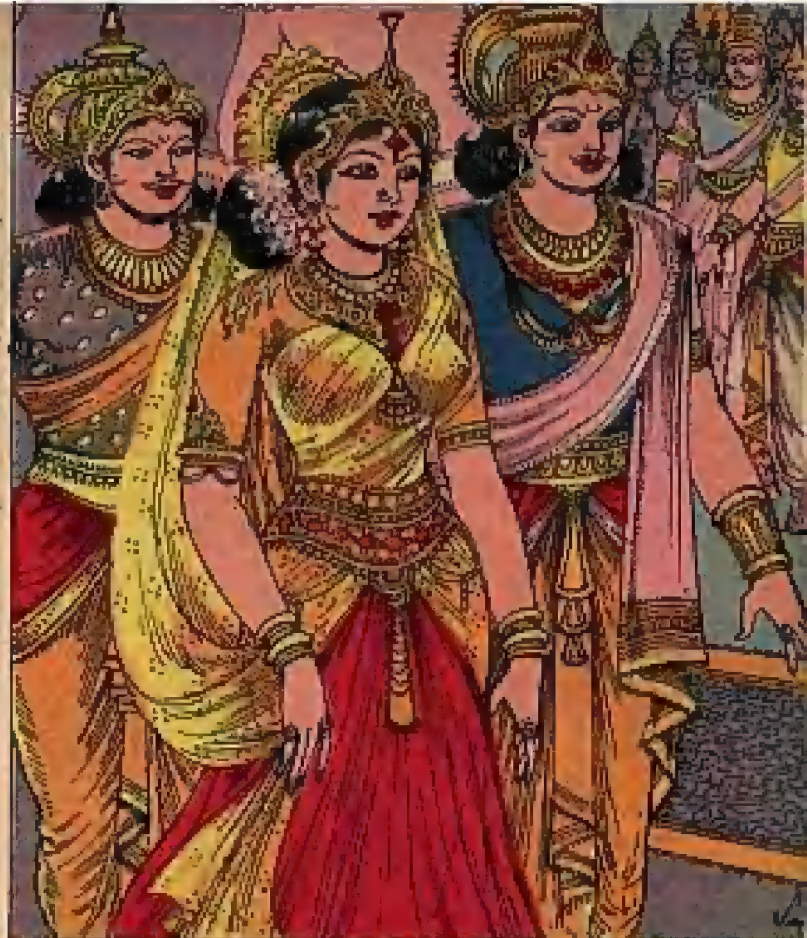
"I know I am getting old," Dhritarashtra said coldly. "But what you suggest is fraught with danger, and one day you will repent this madness."

In the end, tired of trying to dissuade Duryodhana, the king agreed to the invitation being sent to Yudhishtira. But later the same day he discussed the matter in secret with Vidura.

Having listened to the king, Vidura said sadly. "This will lead to the destruction of our race."

Dhritarashtra knew in his heart that what he was doing was wrong, but he had not much choice, so he commanded Vidura to go to Indraprastha and invite Yudhishtira on his behalf to come and play dice.

At the sight of Vidura, Yudhishtira anxiously enquired. "You look so downcast my friend. Have you brought bad news from Hastinapura?"



The Pandava princes with Draupadi come to Hastinapura

Vidura shook his head. "I have come on a special mission on behalf of the king, to invite you to come and see the new gaming hall and to play dice."

"Wagering games tend to create quarrels, which wise men should avoid. Do you suggest that I should accept this invitation?" Yudhishtira said.

Vidura said coldly. "Everyone is aware that playing dice is the root of many evils. But I have been commanded to invite you, and you alone should decide whether or not to accept"

Despite Vidura's obvious lack of enthusiasm, Yudhishtira de-



cided to go to Hastinapura, and went accompanied by Draupadi and all his brothers.

The Pandavas were accorded a royal welcome on their arrival at Hastinapura, and it was a refreshing change to greet their old friends, such as Bhishma, Drona and Kripa.

The following morning Duryodhana lost no time in conducting Yudhishthira to the new gaming hall, which was certainly a most lavish piece of architecture.

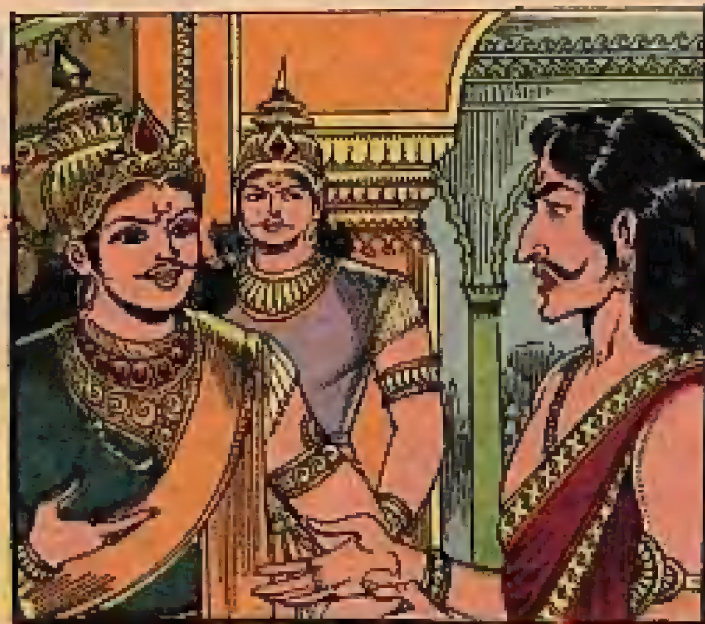
When everyone had finished admiring the hall, Sakuni announced to Yudhishthira that the cloth for playing the game had been spread, and

invited him to it.

Yudhishthira sat down at the cloth and asked "And where is my opponent?"

"My uncle Sakuni will match his skill against yours," replied Duryodhana. This was not at all to Yudhishthira's liking, as he knew he was evenly matched against Duryodhana. But Sakuni was a different matter, for Sakuni was an expert with rather an unsavoury reputation. However, it was too late to argue, so Yudhishthira merely shrugged his shoulders and picked up the dice.

The hall was crowded with onlookers. Whilst the Pandava princes viewed the game with interest and enthusiasm, Bhishma, Vidura and Dhritarashtra sat there unhappy in the knowledge that this game could end on a vicious note, but there was





nothing they could do to prevent it.

At first, luck seemed to be on the side of Yudhishthira, but this did not last for long, and then he lost continuously. Was it ill-luck or was the trickery of Sakuni too much for him?

At first they wagered for jewels and later for gold, and then chariots and horses. When Yudhishthira had lost all these, he staked his elephants, his armies and even his servants, and lost them too.

Eventually all his possessions were lost, even his own jewellery and the jewellery his brothers were wearing. But Yudhishthira in his stubborn madness, refused to stop playing, and even wagered his brothers, and lost them with everything else.

The wicked Sakuni asked, "Is there anything else you can offer?"

Yudhishthira replied, "Yes. Here is myself. If you win, I shall be your slave."

Sakuni promptly accepted, and casting the dice, won that wager. Then jumping to his feet, Sakuni announced to the onlookers, that all the five Pandava princes were now his lawful slaves. Turning to Yudhishthira, he said in a mocking voice. "There is still one jewel you possess, by which you can regain all that you have lost."

Yudhishthira was horrified to see that Sakuni was pointing at Draupadi, his queen. But now he could not stop, and in a despairing voice, said "I pledge her."

There was audible distress and emotion from where the elders sat. For they knew that this marked the beginning of the end.





SWEET DREAMS

Living in one of the big cities was a miser, and he was certainly the meanest miser you are ever likely to meet. Oh, he had money, plenty of it, but to spend even the smallest coin, caused him the deepest anguish.

Of course, he never married, for wives ate food, and always wanted new clothes. But he did allow himself the extravagance of a cook, who naturally received only a miserly wage, and was upbraided morning till night not to waste anything and to eat a lot less.

One morning the master shuffled into the kitchen, fully expecting to be able to shout at the cook for wasting his time, when his nose was assailed by the smell of cooking!

"Good heavens," shouted the master, peering into one of the pots. "What are you doing? Whose money are you wasting, you idiot?"

"But master," said the cook meekly. "Today is the great festival. So I am preparing a lovely chicken curry, with saffron rice and sugared sweets to follow."

The master was at a loss for words, but he made up his mind that this wasteful cook would most certainly not get a mouthful of this food.

Came dinner time, the master sat down to a table laden with a big dish of curried chicken, a mound of rice, and another dish full of pink and white

sugared sweets.

Although it hurt to eat food that cost money, the master ate and ate until every chicken bone was picked clean and every grain of rice had disappeared. Now he was so full it pained him, even to look at the dish of sugared sweets.

Giving the cook the benefit of his jaundiced eye, he snarled. "I have counted those sweets. Now put them in the cupboard and I will eat them tomorrow."

With that he managed to stagger from the table to his bedroom, where he collapsed onto his bed and was soon snoring his head off.

The next morning when the master entered the kitchen, the cook greeted him with a dubious look. "Good morning, Master," he said. "I hope you did not have a bad nightmare after all the food you ate?"

"Not at all," replied the master, trying to look pleasant. "As a matter of fact, I dreamt I married a lovely princess, and eventually became king of all the land."

"Woe is me," said the cook sadly shaking his head. "I had an awful nightmare. The Goddess Durga appeared in my dream and scolded me for cooking so much food yesterday. As a penance the Goddess ordered me to eat all those sugared sweets. I was so frightened, I just had to eat them." As an after thought he added. "But mind you, they did taste good."

"You fool," shouted the master. "Why didn't you call me?"

"But I did master," said the cook meekly. "I called and called. But apparantly you were too busy marrying your lovely princess to hear me."



THE ROBBER KNIGHT

Many centuries ago, Germany was ruled by an Emperor named Karl. Karl was a good Emperor and ruled justly and well and he was called Karl the Great.

At this time, in the town of Ingelheim, in Germany, there lived a knight named Elbegast. He was the enemy of all who ill-treated the poor and weak, robbing them of their wealth and giving it to the poor.

Finally, news of Elbegast's deeds reached the ears of the Emperor and he was so angry with this knight, who took the law into his own hands, that he declared Elbegast an outlaw. Elbegast had to flee to the forest and live there in hiding, always hunted by his enemies.

One day, the Emperor Karl arrived in Ingelheim to hold his court and that night, as he lay sleeping, he had a strange dream. An angel stood beside his bed and said, "Go, in the name of the Lord and steal your neighbour's goods. If you do not obey you will lose



your throne and your life."

The Emperor awoke and laughed at his dream, but when he dreamed it a second and a third time, he felt he must obey this strange command. He got out of bed, put on his armour and crept through the silent castle to the stables without being seen by a soul.

As he rode out on the highway, the Emperor was puzzled, for he had no idea how to start robbing and he wished he had with him some outlaw to show him what to do.

He had not gone far, before he saw a horseman ride out of the trees at the side of the road. His horse was black and so was his armour. "You who ride so late, what is your errand?" asked the Emperor, but the stranger would give no answer. The Emperor levelled his lance. "Prepare to defend yourself," he called and rode at the stranger knight.

The battle was a long and fierce one, but finally the Emperor forced the stranger to his knees. "I have never fought a more worthy opponent," said the stranger. "Kill me if you will, for my life is yours to take."

"What would I gain by kill-



ing you?" asked the Emperor. "I should value your friendship more. Tell me your name."

"My name is Elbegast," replied the strange knight.

"Let us ride together to seek plunder," said the Emperor. "For I have heard that you are a famous robber knight."

"Willingly," said Elbegast.

"Shall we ride to Ingelheim?" asked the Emperor, who did not know what else to suggest. "The Emperor is there and we might rob him of his treasure."

"I may be an outlaw," replied Elbegast, "but I have



A horseman rode out of the trees at the side of the road.

never harmed the Emperor. He is a good and just man who rules wisely. But I know a man worth robbing. His name is Count Eggerich and he lives near here."

"Count Eggerich is the Emperor's friend and brother-in-law," said the Emperor in surprise, for he had never had anything but fair words from the Count. "If you will not harm the Emperor, why do you harm his friends?"

"Count Eggerich is no friend to the Emperor," replied Elbegast. "I have heard

rumours that behind his fair words lies a black heart and his wife, the Emperor's sister, leads a hard life, poor lady."

The Emperor Karl was surprised at this, but he agreed to go to the Count's castle. Elbegast's skill got them inside the castle, but he wondered at his new friend's clumsiness and he thought it best to do the robbing himself, while his companion kept watch. When he returned, laden with treasure, the Emperor prepared to go, but Elbegast said, "There is one more thing I want. It would be a great test of my skill as a robber. It is a har-

ness decorated with golden bells which the Count keeps in his bedroom."

Eibegast made his way to the Count's bedroom, but as he was dragging the harness to the door, he slipped and the tinkle of the bells woke the Count, who sprang up in alarm.

"What is the matter?" called his wife.

"There is someone in the bedroom," he replied, but his wife only laughed. "You have been having wild dreams lately," she said. "I heard nothing. But if you are troubled, tell me what is the matter. Perhaps my brother will help."

"Your brother will help no one after tomorrow," replied the Count harshly. "His lands and all he has will be divided between me and my friends. We go armed to his council tomorrow and we shall kill him."

At this, the lady leaped up, but the Count struck her down with a blow. Elbegast waited until the Count was asleep once more, then he crept back and told his companion what he had overheard. "Give me my sword and I will kill this traitorous Count," he said.

"No," replied the Emperor. "Let us ride to the Emperor and warn him. Then he can deal with the traitors."

"Would the Emperor believe me, an outlaw?" asked Elbegast.

"I am no outlaw," replied the Emperor. "I will warn him myself."

It was agreed that he should go to the Emperor's palace and meet Elbegast later, at a place in the forest, to tell him what had happened. Then Elbegast rode back to the forest and the Emperor Karl returned to his palace, unnoticed by anyone.



In the morning, when his lords arrived to attend the council, the Emperor was waiting for them. When all the loyal lords had arrived, the Emperor told them of Count Eggerich's evil plans. They swore to fight for the Emperor to the death, if need be, but the Emperor replied that he had armed soldiers at all the doors and as each of the traitors arrived, he would be disarmed and taken prisoner.

Count Eggerich was the last to arrive and he shook with fury when he realised that he had fallen into a trap. "I am

no traitor," he blustered angrily. "I will prove it by fighting any champion the Emperor cares to name."

Many of the lords would have taken up the challenge and fought on the Emperor's behalf, but he sent a knight to the forest, to fetch Elbegast.

When Elbegast saw one of the Emperor's knights riding towards him, he feared that his companion of the night before had been held prisoner and this was a trap to seize him, but, knowing that the Emperor was a just man, he went back with the knight to Ingelheim.

Elbegast did battle against the traitor Count.



"I am an outlaw, but I have come at your command, trusting your good faith," he said falling on his knees before the Emperor.

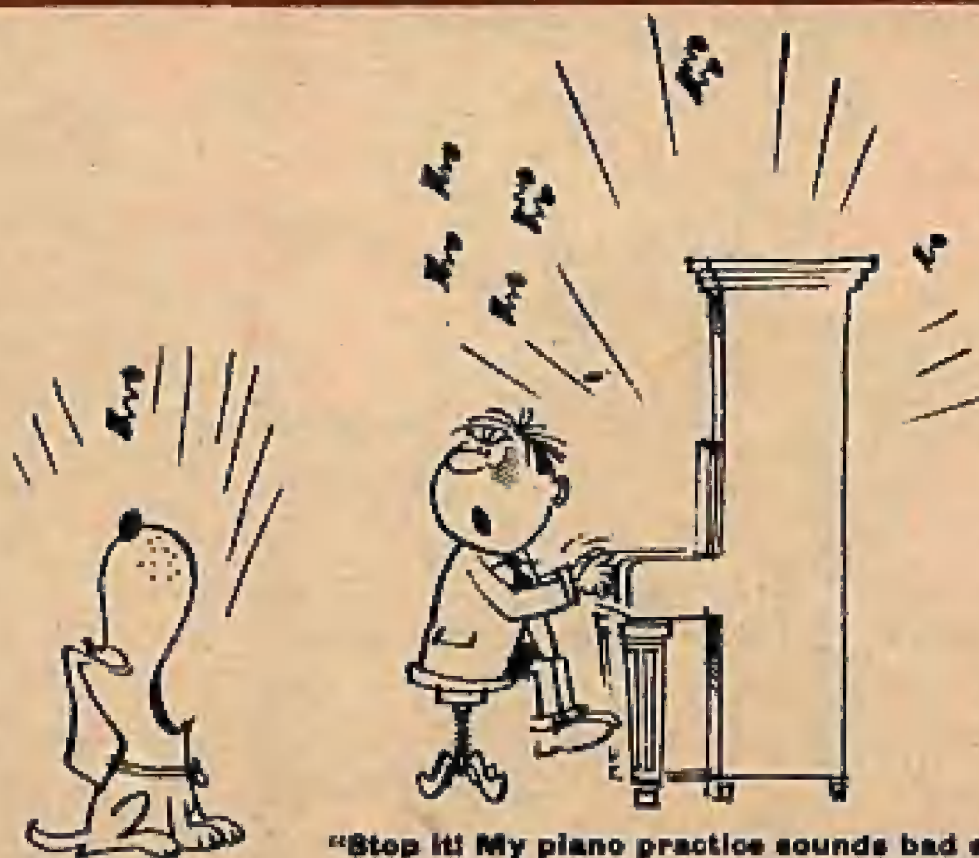
"If I did not take your life last night, why should I take it now?" asked the Emperor. Then Elbegast recognised the voice of his companion. "Last night you did me a service teaching me to rob. Today I ask another service. Do battle for me against the traitor Eggerich."

"Willingly," cried Elbegast, drawing his sword.

The two knights fought long

and hard, for Count Eggerich had always been a powerful fighter, but at last Elbegast won and the traitor Count lay dead.

To Elbegast, the Emperor gave a free pardon and the two men became firm friends. All the wide lands which had been held by Count Eggerich were given by the Emperor to Elbegast, together with the hand of the Count's widow in marriage, so that the one time outlaw, Elbegast, became the brother-in-law of the Emperor.



"Stop it! My piano practice sounds bad enough without you too!"



REVENGE

Living in Cairo was a youth named Shah Munsur, who bred singing birds. Outside his house he hung a cage containing two golden canaries, whose singing never failed to draw a crowd of passers-by.

One day Abu, the captain of the Caliph's guard, happened to pass Munsur's house and was greatly intrigued by these singing birds. Now it should be explained that this Abu was a vile man, who enjoyed torturing prisoners, and for some obscure reason was proud that the people dubbed him with the name 'Son of Satan'.

Having decided he wanted the birds, Abu pushed his way into Munsur's house, and offered the youth two pieces of silver for the birds.

"I am sorry," said Munsur, "but those birds are not for sale. I have others you can buy."

Abu was not used to people refusing his demands, and he decided to teach this youth a lesson. So putting on a pleasant smile, he pleaded with the youth and offered him two pieces of gold for the birds.

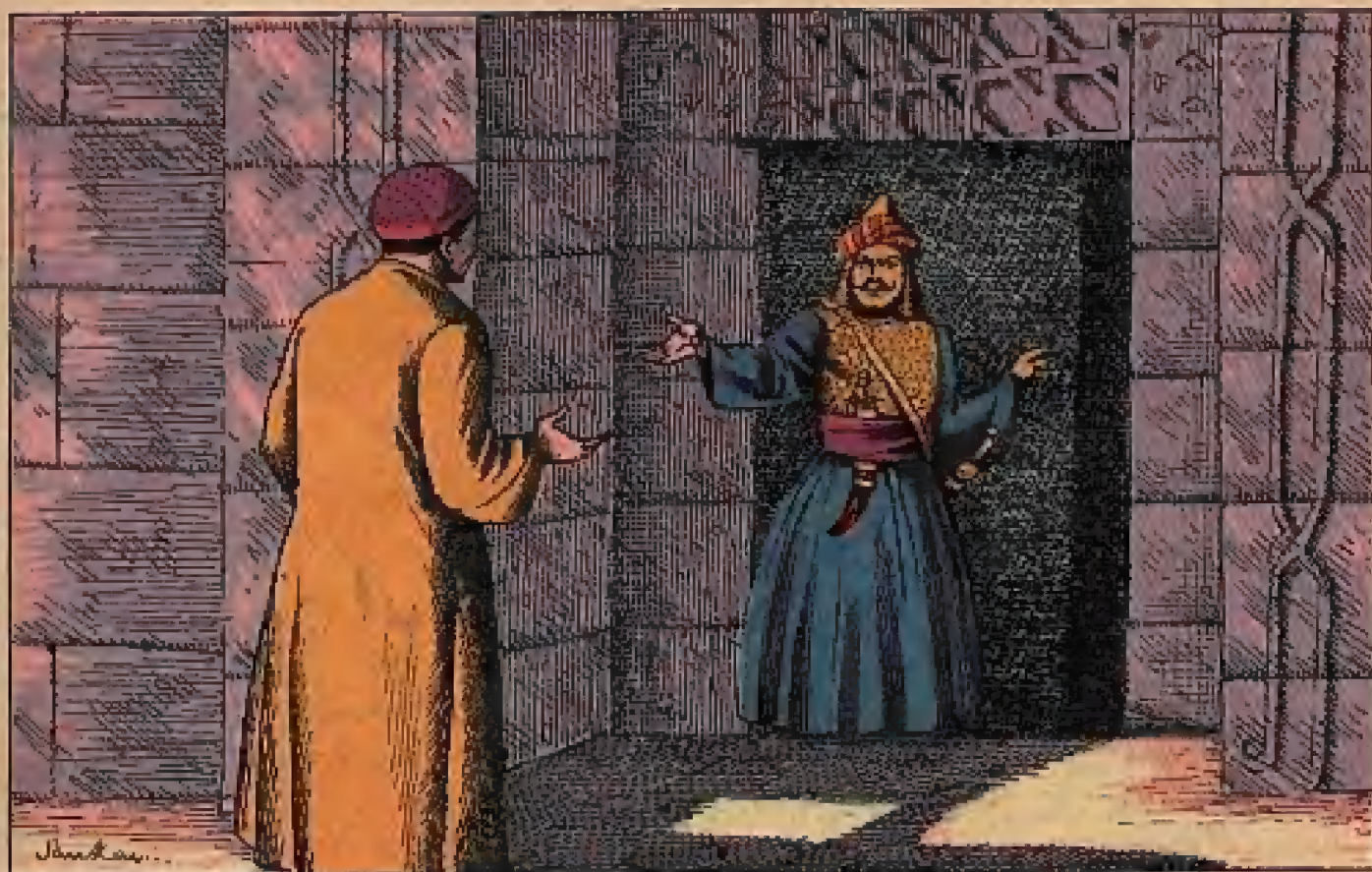
Munsur could hardly afford to say no to such a generous offer, and agreed to bring the birds to Abu's house that evening and collect the gold.

Came evening and Munsur went to Abu's house, and the main door was opened by a member of the guard, who took the cage from Munsur and promptly closed the door.

Munsur did not like this, so he banged on the door with his fists. After a while the door was opened by the same guardsman who demanded to know what Munsur wanted.

"I want my two pieces of gold," Munsur shouted.

"Be off with you," the guard



said with a grin. "You certainly will not get any gold here." With this he again shut the door in Munsur's face.

Munsur lost his temper, and banged and kicked the door, causing a terrific din. At last the door was flung wide open, and there on the threshold stood Abu himself.

"I want my two pieces of gold," Munsur demanded.

Abu burst out laughing. "Gold," he bellowed. "I will give you something to remember me by." Turning to his guards he ordered. "Flog this man within an inch of his life. Then throw him into the street".

Bruised and bleeding, Munsur managed to drag his aching body to his house, where he fell on his bed, past caring as to whether he lived or died.

It was several days before Munsur was able to move around, and it would be weeks before his back healed from the brutal flogging.

As the days passed, Munsur sat and brooded on ways and means to make this Abu pay for his misdeeds. Then he remembered a story he had heard in the bazaar, that Abu spent most evenings, usually the worse for drink, ogling and annoying the women who went to the well

to draw water.

This, Munsur thought, was a wonderful opportunity to wreak his revenge. So, that evening Munsur dressed himself in feminine finery, and carrying a brass pot on his head, went to the well.

True enough, Abu was there, boasting in a raucous voice of his great feats as a soldier. Munsur dallied at the well until the other women had departed.

Abu seeing this comely young woman, soon started pestering her with a lot of silly questions. Munsur acted like a shy girl, and when Abu was not looking, quickly pushed his brass pot into the well and let out a shriek.

"What is the matter?" Abu exclaimed.

"Oh dear, my pot has fallen into the well," Munsur cried. "Please get it for me."

Abu knew the well was far too deep to reach her pot, nevertheless, he leaned over the parapet, and looked down into the well's murky gloom.

Munsur acted quickly. Seizing hold of Abu's ankles, he gave a sudden jerk, and Abu went headlong down into the well.

Luckily the water was not very deep, but Abu in his fall,

sustained some terrible bruises. And down in the depth of the well, with no way of getting out, Abu was scared to death. He hollered and shrieked as though all the devils from hell were after him.

The pandemonium soon attracted a crowd, and Munsur, who stayed to see the fun, told the first of the oncomers, that the son of Satan was down the well.

Now, there were plenty there who had cause to hate the Caliph's captain, and remembering past floggings, someone started the cry. "Let us repay the son of Satan what we owe."

There was a rush to pick up rotten vegetables, stones and



anything else handy to pelt the miscreant in the well. Abu was now in bad way, and his cries could be heard all over the town.

Soon the guards came running, and when at last they managed, with the aid of ropes, to get their captain out of the well, his plight only drew sneer-

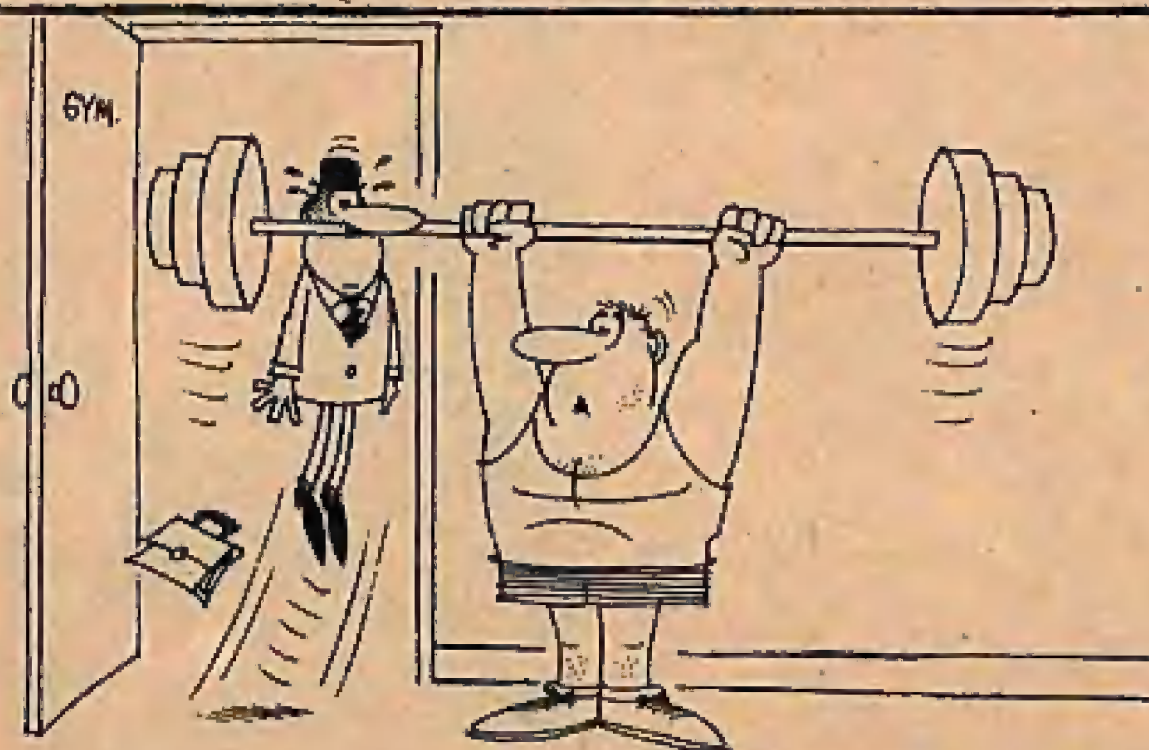
ing laughter from the crowd.

Covered in filth, and shaking like an aspen leaf, Abu knew then he would never be able to face these people again.

As for Munsur, he went home quite happy. He had not got his two pieces of gold, but then, revenge can sometimes be very sweet.



"You're highly honoured—he buried that bone six months ago, and now he's giving it to you!"



"Oope! Sorry!"

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ OF ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Last month I told you that I arrived in Constantinople, which is now the city of Istanbul, with five of the strangest companions possible.

They were the fastest runner in the world, the man with the sharpest ears, the best shot with a gun, the strongest man—and the man who could spin the sails of windmills with a puff of air from one of his nostrils.

I was an honoured guest in the palace of the Grand Turk and was entertained in right royal manner, eating with him every day. For that reason I should have been the happiest man in the world, but, alas, there came a day when I was easily the most worried man ever to have been born.

It happened when the Grand Turk let me have a taste of wine from a very special bottle. In a foolish moment I boasted that I had tasted better at the Emperor's court in Vienna and even promised that I would get him a bottle in an hour's time.



As it was not less than 800 miles to Vienna, the Grand Sultan decided that I could well be taught a lesson for my boastfulness. If I failed, he said he would have my head chopped off—if I won, then I could have all the gold and silver that one man could carry.

I sent off the fastest runner with a note to the Emperor in Vienna and expected him back well within the hour, but he did not come!

The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to four and I

confess that I began to feel extremely worried, because I could see that the Grand Turk's hand was already on the bell which would summon the executioner.

"You have only five minutes more, my dear Baron," he smiled. "It seems that you will not win."

"I must keep calm if I am to keep my head," I murmured, and I hurried out to my listener and my marksman.



The listener laid himself down and put his ear to the ground, to hear whether my runner was coming or not.

"He is not moving, Baron," he told me. "In fact he is about a hundred miles away, lying fast asleep and snoring with all his might."

"Then somehow or other he must be awakened at once," I cried.

My brave marksman no sooner heard that than he ran to the top of a small hill, and took aim with his gun.

"I can see him, the lazy rogue," he said. "He is lying under an oak tree with the bottle of wine at his side. I'll rouse him up."

So saying, he squeezed the trigger and fired a charge of shot full into the branches of the tree.

Acorns, branches and leaves fell like a hailstorm upon the sleeper, who at once woke up, very startled.

Afraid that he might have slept too long, he set off to run again with such swiftness that he arrived at the Grand Turk's palace with the bottle of wine, and a signed note from the Emperor, at exactly half a minute to four o'clock!

I was thus saved in the nick

of time. The Grand Turk took the bottle and began to taste the wine at once, smacking his lips as he did so.

Then he rang for his treasurer, and what a delicious sound that bell had!

"I must pay what I have lost," he went on to say. "Listen, treasurer, you will allow my friend the Baron to take out of my strong-room as much gold and silver as one man can carry. Begone and do my bidding."

I need hardly tell you that I did not lose a moment in seeing that the order the Sultan had given was carried out. When the treasurer opened the door of the strong-room, he pointed to the pile of gold and silver that was stacked inside.

"Remember, Excellency," he warned. "You must take only the amount that one man can carry."

I nodded and when the treasurer left me I called for my strong man, telling him to bring a large sheet of canvas and some strong rope.

Together we went into the strong-room and when we came out again, the place was empty. My strong man friend was carrying all the gold and silver in a



great tied-up bundle on his head!

It was of great weight I can tell you. Fifty ordinary men could not have carried it, but my friend took it straight down to the harbour with the greatest of ease. There I hired the biggest ship I could find, put the treasure and my companions aboard, and sailed at once, in order to reach a place of safety before anything disagreeable took place.

What I feared was not slow in coming to pass. I had left the door of the strong-room

open, for there was no longer any real reason to keep it shut, and when the Grand Turk saw that every piece of his gold and silver had gone, he flew into a wild rage.

He gave orders to the Lord High Admiral to chase after me with the entire Turkish fleet, and to make me give at least half the treasure back, as he felt I had tricked him.

"I intended him to take as much gold and silver as one *ordinary* man could carry," he complained.

My ship had only two miles' start, and when I saw the whole Turkish fleet racing towards me with all sails set, I must confess that my knees began to shake.

But my blower was there.

"Do not be uneasy, Excellency" he said. "I shall be only

happy to deal with them for you."

Crouching down, he faced the Turkish fleet and blew hard, with such violence that the ships were spun right round and blown in the opposite direction. Sails, masts and rigging were blown down and the ships could no longer pursue us.

In a few hours' time we arrived at an Italian seaport, where I had the pleasure of sharing the gold and silver with my companions. I thanked them warmly for their help in my adventure and after being thanked by them in return, I said goodbye and set off to continue my travels.





THE PRINCE AND THE TAILOR

Once, in Alexandria, there lived a tailor who did the most beautiful needle work. It chanced that the Sultan's brother was passing through the town one day and heard of the tailor's skill. His best cloak had been torn on the journey, so he sent it at once to the tailor to be mended.

The tailor, whose name was Labakan, stitched carefully at the magnificent cloak, but his heart was filled with envy. He felt he must try the cloak on, to see how he looked and when he had it on, he felt just like a prince. "How magnificent I look. What a proud and noble bearing," he said to him-

self. "No one would take me for an ordinary tailor. Why should I not go out into the world and seek the fortune which is surely due to me?"

He took all his savings and crept out, under cover of darkness, still wearing the beautiful cloak. Wherever he went, he was well received, for his handsome face and fine bearing, together with the magnificent cloak he wore, convinced everyone that he was some rich lord. However, they could not understand why he journeyed on foot and, at last, tired of trying to think up an answer to this question, Labakan went to the market and bought him-

self a horse. His meagre savings would only purchase an old nag, but as he had never learned to ride, it suited him well enough.

As he rode along, he met a young man, riding a spirited horse and they travelled along together.

The stranger told Labakan that his name was Omar. He had been brought up at the court of the governor, Elfi Bey. When Elfi Bey was on his death-bed, he had told Omar that he was really the son of the Sultan. "You were sent to me because astrologers foretold disaster for you, if you remained at your father's court before your twenty-second birthday," said Elfi Bey.

Omar, whose birthday was the next day, was on his way to meet his father at a place in the desert. He showed Labakan the dagger which he was to give to his father, saying to him, "Here am I whom thou seekest."

"If the answer is, 'All praise to the prophet who has preserved thee', I shall know that my father has accepted me as his son," said Omar.

That night, as they lay down to sleep, Labakan's mind was

filled with envy at the thought of Omar's good fortune. He went to sleep and dreamed he was a prince and awoke, with a start, remembering that he was a mere tailor.

As he gazed enviously across at Omar, it occurred to him that if he seized the dagger and Omar's horse, the Sultan would accept him as his son. He crept quietly over to the sleeping Omar and drew the dagger from his belt. Then he mounted Omar's horse and rode away.

By noon, he had reached the meeting place. There, under a palm tree, stood the Sultan and he was overjoyed when he saw the dagger and heard the words. He accepted Labakan as his son without question. "All praise to the prophet who has preserved thee," he said, but as he spoke, Omar appeared on the horizon. He had ridden the old nag as fast as it would go in pursuit of Labakan. Now he cried out, "I am your real son. That man is an imposter," but the Sultan only laughed and Labakan said, "This is some madman, father, a poor tailor from Alexandria."

"Then we will take him with us and see if our doctors can cure him," said the Sultan and

**"I am your real son,"
cried Omar. "That man
is an imposter."**



he ordered his guards to tie Omar up.

When they reached the Sultan's palace, the Sultan took Labakan at once to his wife. She gazed at him, with a puzzled frown. "This is not the face of the son I have seen in my dreams all these years," she said.

There was a sudden noise at the door and Omar, who had escaped from his guards, rushed in and went towards her. The Sultan's face broke into a smile. "Here is my son," she cried, but the Sultan was very angry. "He is only a mad imposter," he said.

The Sultana was sure that



the prisoner was her real son, so she said to the Sultan, "I wish to set them a small task. Shooting with bows and arrows or throwing the javelin is too easy. I wish them each to make me a fine robe."

They young men were put in locked rooms and needles and thread were given to them. Labakan set to work with a will, pleased to be able to show off his skill, but Omar only sat and sulked. "I was taught to hunt and fight, not to sew," he said, when the Sultan came to fetch the robe.

The Sultana smiled when she saw Labakan's robe. "Only a master tailor could have taught our son to sew so beautifully," she murmured.

The Sultan was worried now, so he rode out to a nearby grove, to consult the Fairy who lived there. "I know why you

have come," she said, when she saw him. "Here are two boxes. Take them home and ask each young man to choose one. When they are opened, they will show who is the prince and who is the imposter."

The Sultan returned home and called the two young men before him. "Here are two boxes," he said. "You must both choose which you prefer."

Labakan was first. He saw that one box had on it "Honour and Glory," while the other was labelled "Wealth and Happiness." He remem-

bered his life as a poor tailor and his new-found wealth and comfort. "I choose Wealth and Happiness, for what can be greater than the happiness of finding my father again?" he said.

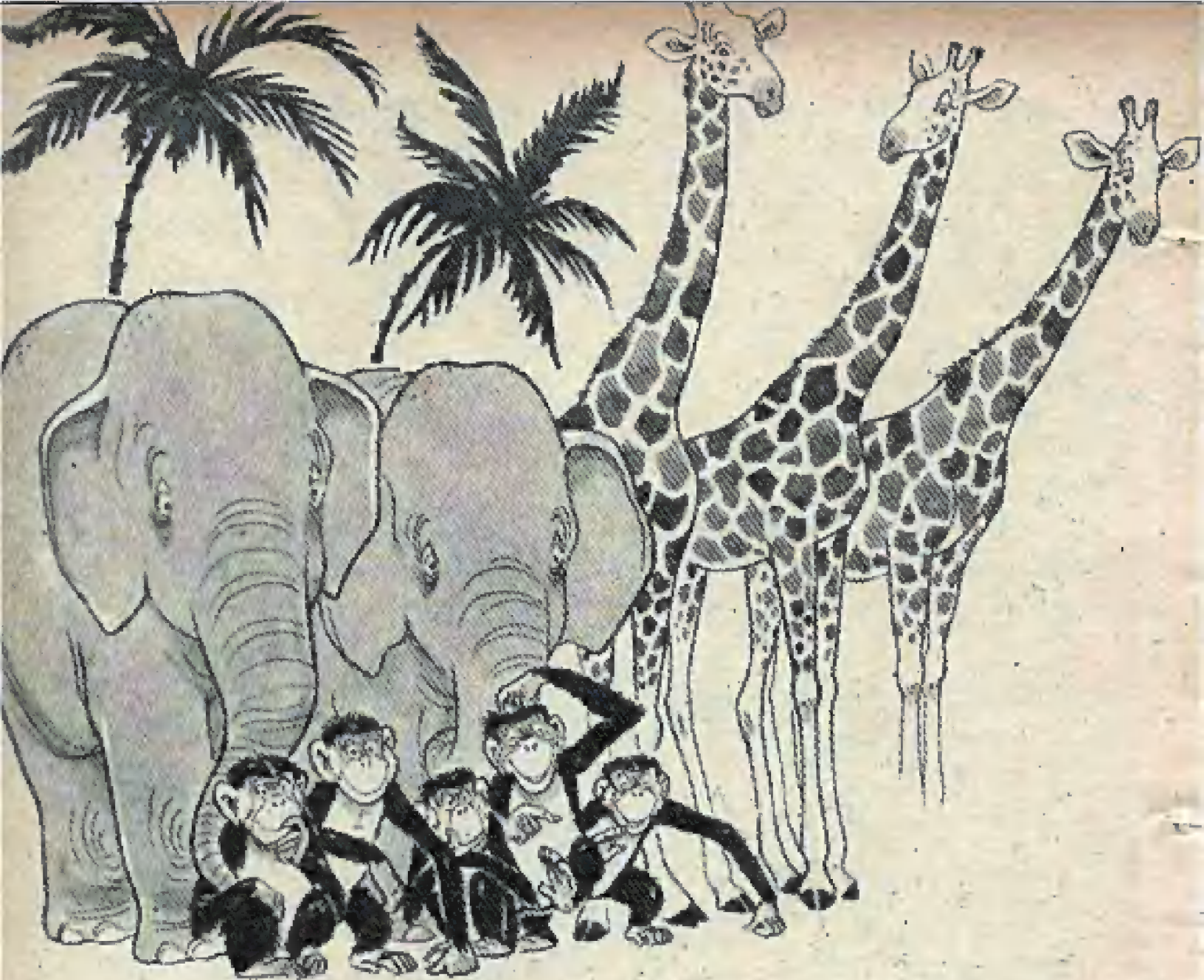
The king turned to the real Omar. "I choose Honour and Glory," said Omar. "The last few days have taught me, how uncertain is wealth and how fleeting is happiness, but honour and glory endure when

all else fades."

The caskets, which no one had been able to open, suddenly flew open of their own accord and it was seen that inside Omar's casket was a sceptre and crown, but inside Labakan's casket was only a needle and thread.

Omar was hailed as the true prince and the city rang with cheering, while Labakan slunk away, glad to escape with his life under cover of the revelry.



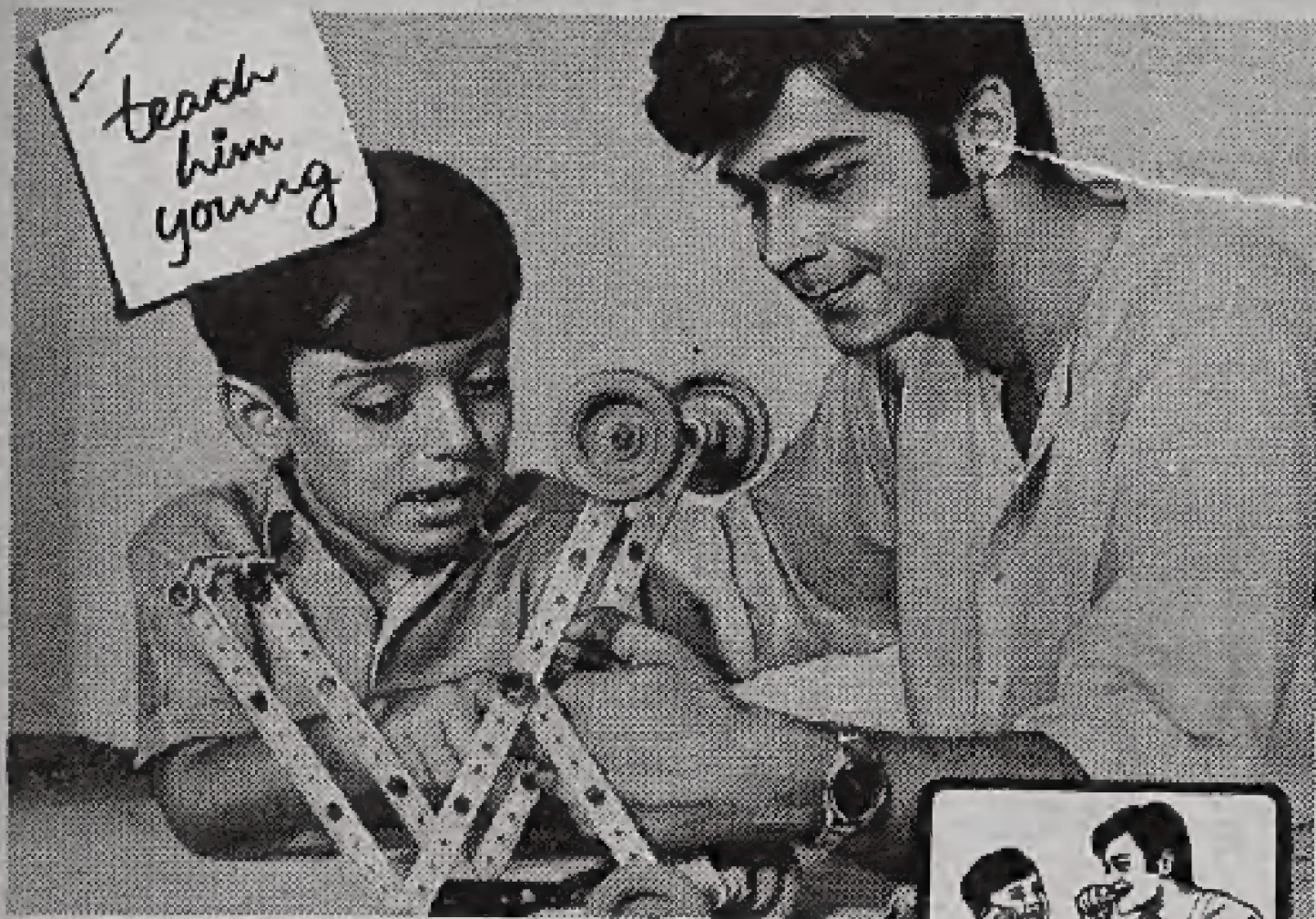


Down in the forest something stirs,
'Tis the fight of the lion and the lynx.
Each thought he ought to be king today
Despite what the other one thinks.

Animals came from far and wide,
To watch them in the fight.
They all placed bets as to who might win
And if it would end that night.

But it all came to naught as most fights do, ...
And the lynx got a kick from behind.
But if you meet him and call him King,
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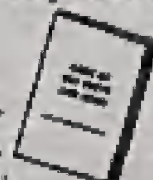
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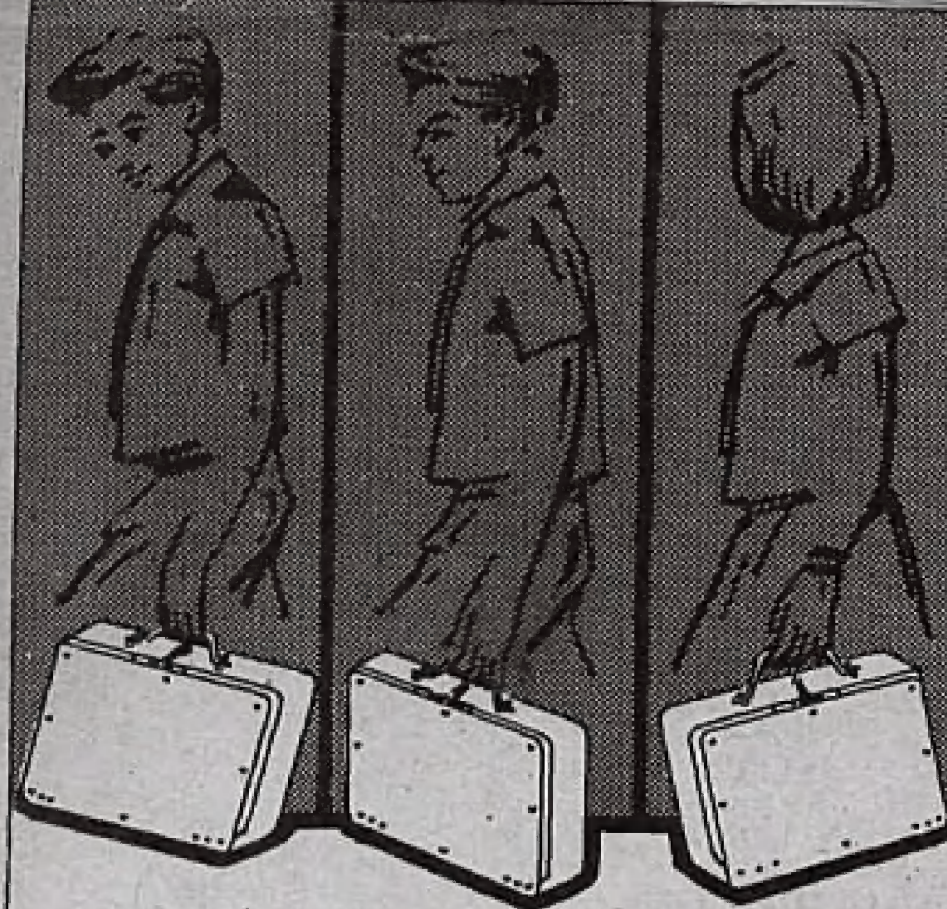
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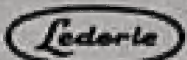
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HYENAS AND VULTURES

The Hyena and the Vulture are ugly looking creatures who live on other animals and are known as scavengers. Despite this, they are useful creatures for cleaning away the remains of dead animals, which cause disease to spread.

